

# THE LOWELL OFFERING

AND MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1843.

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## LOWELL.

THE city of Lowell stands upon the Merrimack river; upon a point of land, formed by the Concord river, at its confluence with the Merrimack, and a bend in that river, from which its direction is at a right angle with its former course. It is intersected by many canals, the principal of which is the Pawtucket, which connects the waters of the Merrimack, just above the Pawtucket falls, with the Concord river, a short distance from its mouth, thus forming an island of the city; it being *entirely surrounded by water*. The land upon which it is built is very low, and thus, though densely inhabited, its buildings present rather an inferior appearance in an engraving.

It is not many years since the spot, upon which now stands an industrious and thriving city, was but a dreary swamp, and seldom has been witnessed so sudden a transition from the monotony of a quiet village to the hurry and bustle of a manufacturing city.

Like every other city in our country, Lowell has two histories. One the history of the past, when the foot of the white man had never pressed its sod, and the smoke from his roof-tree had never curled above its rushing streams. Of this period there are no authentic annals, and but few and vague traditions. The spade of the laborer occasionally reveals to view the mouldering bones of those whom he knows have lived and died, because they have here been buried.

Tradition says that this was once the rendezvous of a mighty tribe; though they must have seen attractions here, far different from those which have drawn hither so many of the white men. But the light of their council fires has long since ceased to flash up from the banks of the Merrimack, the cry of their warriors may never more mingle with the roar of the waterfalls, and the death-song of the last chieftain has long been sung. That period has passed away, and over its remains is spread a pall which eternity alone can raise.

Of the recent history of Lowell we have such complete statistics that our endeavor must be to compile from them as concise an account as possible.

"In 1652, about twenty persons from Woburn and Concord petitioned the General Court for liberty to examine a tract of land lying on the west side of Concord river. Having made the necessary examination, in company with about twenty others, they

preferred a petition in 1653, for a grant of the land bordering on the Merrimack, near Pawtucket. In their petition, they represent, that 'there is a comfortable place to accommodate a company of God's people upon, who may, with God's blessing, do good in that place for church and state.' They requested that the boundary of said land should commence at the junction of the Merrimack and the Concord rivers, and run six miles westerly on the Merrimack, and six miles southerly on the Concord river—making a tract of about thirty-six square miles. The tract petitioned for embraced what now constitutes the city of Lowell and the town of Chelmsford. The same year, a petition in behalf of the Pawtucket Indians, was presented by the Rev. John Elliot, of Roxbury, that the lands lying about Pawtucket and Wamesit falls should be appropriated exclusively to the use of the Indians. The petition stated that the Pawtuckets had occupied said ground, erected wigwams thereon, and prepared it in some measure for cultivation. To reconcile these conflicting interests, the Court granted to the petitioners from Woburn and Concord the land requested, with the exception of that part lying on the rivers, which was appropriated to the Indians.

The city of Lowell is now a part of the land granted at that time by an act of Court to the Pawtucket Indians, once the most powerful and chivalric tribe in the north of Massachusetts. The historian, Gookin, states, that 'the tribe was almost wholly destroyed by the sickness in 1612 and '13; and at this day (1674) there are not above two hundred and fifty men, besides women and children. What this disease was that so generally and mortally swept over these and other Indians in New England, I cannot learn. Doubtless, it was some pestilential disease. I have discoursed with some Indians, that were then youths, who say that their bodies were exceedingly yellow, before and after they died, describing it by a yellow garment they showed me.'

Gookin says that he visited the Pawtucket Indians, in company with Elliot, on the 5th of May, 1674, and that Elliot delivered a sermon to them that evening, from the 22d chapter of Matthew, from the 1st to the 14th verse. The meeting was held in Wanalancet's wigwam, near the Pawtucket falls. By the influence of Elliot, a certain form of courts was established among the Indians, at the sessions of which an English magistrate presided. The records of our early history show, that the first court in Middlesex county was held near the junction of the Merrimack and Concord rivers, on the land through which the Boott canal now passes.

In 1726, Wamesit, as the Indian tract was called, was annexed to the town of Chelmsford.

Tradition says that the house erected by the Indians for public worship, was built of logs, and located on the high ground at the head of Appleton street.

As the English population increased here, the Indian decreased, till their number became very small, when they sold out their remaining lands and removed to the north. Their last abiding place here, we are informed, was on Fort Hill, around which portions of a trench dug by them are still visible.

The first efforts to promote manufactures in this place, were made in 1813. In consequence of the restrictions that were laid on commerce, and of the war with Great Britain, the attention of many enterprising men was directed to domestic manufactures. Capt. Phineas Whiting and Capt. Josiah Fletcher, having selected an eligible site on Concord river, at the Wamesit falls, about a hundred rods from the Merrimack, erected, at the expense of about \$3000, a large wooden building for a cotton manufactory. In 1818, they sold their buildings and their right to the water power, to Mr. Thomas Hurd. Mr. Hurd afterwards fitted up the wooden factory, and erected a large brick one and several dwelling houses, and improved the same for fabricating woollen goods. The wooden factory was destroyed by fire on the 30th of June, 1826, and was rebuilt immediately after. Mr. Hurd continued the business till the great pressure in 1828, when he was compelled to assign his property for the benefit of his creditors, and which was afterwards purchased by the Middlesex company.

About the year 1820, Messrs. Patrick T. Jackson, Nathan Appleton and Kirk Boott, of Boston, entered into a design to form a company for the purpose of manufacturing cotton goods, particularly calicoes. They accordingly commenced an inquiry for a suitable water privilege. A large number of privileges were examined, and, for various reasons, rejected. At length, Mr. Paul Moody, then connected with the manufacturing establishments at Waltham, while on a visit to his friends in Amesbury, met with Mr. Worthen, a gentleman of taste, views and feelings congenial to his own, to whom he mentioned that an extensive water privilege was wanted by the above-named gentlemen. To whom Mr. Worthen replied, 'Why do they not purchase the land around the Pawtucket falls, in Chelmsford? They can put up as many works as they please there, and never want for water.' This conversation resulted in a visit of these gentlemen to this place, and from observation they were both satisfied that the



privilege was exactly what was wanted. The Pawtucket canal was immediately purchased by Messrs. Jackson, Appleton and Boott. This canal was projected about the year 1790, and the proprietors were incorporated in 1792, by the name of 'The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimack river.' It was opened for the purpose of facilitating the transportation of wood and lumber from the interior to Newburyport. It is about one and a half miles in length, and was built at an expense of \$50,000. Its direction is nearly east, and it enters Concord river just above its junction with the Merrimack, where the water is thirty-two feet lower than at the head of the Pawtucket falls.

It is worthy of remark, that a few years before the purchase was made by Messrs. Jackson, Appleton and Boott, an engineer was sent to examine this place, by a number of gentlemen in Boston, who made a report that there was no water privilege here.

The company made the first purchase of real estate on the 2d of November, 1821. They began their work about the 1st of April, 1822. On the 10th of July, they began to dig the canal broader and deeper, and let the water into it about the 1st of September, 1823. Five hundred men were constantly employed in digging and blasting. The gunpowder used in blasting, amounted to \$6,000, at one shilling per pound. The whole expense of digging the canal was about \$120,000. It is now sixty feet wide, and the water in it is eight feet deep. In digging this canal, ledges were found considerably below the old canal, which bore evident traces of having once been the bed of the river. Many places were found worn into the ledge, as there usually are in falls, by stones kept constantly in motion by the water; some of these cavities were one foot or more in diameter and two feet deep.

The company was first incorporated by the name of the 'Merrimack Manufacturing Company.' In 1825, a new company was formed, called the 'Proprietors of Locks and Canals on Merrimack river,' to whom the Merrimack Manufacturing Company sold all the water privilege and all their real estate, together with the machine shop and its appurtenances, reserving to themselves water power sufficient for five factories and the print works, and also the buildings occupied for boarding houses, and the land on which they are situated.

The town of Lowell, as incorporated by an act of the Legislature, passed on the 1st day of March, 1826, contained four square miles, and was formerly the northeastern section of the town of Chelmsford. The Legislature, in 1834, annexed Belvidere village, the westerly corner of Tewksbury, to Lowell. The annexation extends the territory of Lowell to nearly five square miles. The city charter was obtained in 1836.

The population of Lowell, in 1820, was about 200; in 1828, 3,532; in 1830, 6,477; in 1832, 10,254; in 1833, 12,363; in 1836, 17,633; in 1840, 20,981. The population now is, probably about 25,000.\*

Lowell is not only one of the most important, but, on many accounts, one of the most interesting cities in the United States. It was the first, and is still the principal manufacturing city in the Union; and, as the spirit of our institutions, and the feelings of our countrymen have often been thought adverse to those corporate bodies, which, alone, can carry on a manufacturing business on an extensive scale, it has been watched with a jealous eye; and, as was very natural, some fault has been found. In the creation of Lowell two interests have been employed, the resident and non-resident interests. The capitalists, who have here invested their property, and laid the foundation of a city, are many of them non-residents; while the operatives, of whom the majority are not owners, and without whom no such plan could have been carried out, are the residents, though many of them but temporary citizens. There is thus, at times, some conflict between the two interests, but as we are neither tax-payers, nor politicians, we understand too little of the matter to form an opinion with regard to it.

When manufactures were first established here, the objection often urged against them was, that it would soon, like all manufacturing places, become "a nucleus of ignorance," and, of course, of depravity. This might be one cause of the vigilance, with which the department of education has been su-

\* We make this long extract, because we found upon a reperusal of our authorities, that we could not condense the information here given, and do justice to our subject. We could have changed the form of expression, but we preferred an honest quotation.

perintended; and our schools may now compete with any in the Commonwealth. We doubt whether any public school surpasses our High School, and its teachers are well fitted for the guardianship of youth. As long as our mills are wrought by operatives from the country, or from the common schools of Lowell, they will not be filled with a depraved and ignorant class.

The great preponderance of a youthful female population here is another characteristic of the city; but those who, reasoning from analogy, have supposed them the degraded beings who are said to form a majority of the operatives in the manufactories of the Old World, have been mistaken in their opinions. The number of religious and charitable societies supported here are the best testimonials of their public and private character. There are now in this city 3 Trinitarian Congregational societies, 3 Calvinist Baptist, 3 Methodist, 2 Episcopalian, 2 Universalist, 2 Roman Catholic, 2 Christian Baptist, 2 Freewill Baptist, 1 Unitarian Congregationalist. There is also a society of Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons. The third Calvinist Baptist, and the second Christian Baptist societies, worship in halls. The other societies have handsome and commodious churches, except the second Freewill Baptist society, which meets in a small chapel. The school houses are handsome and commodious buildings; the High School house is beautiful. Among the other public buildings are a City Hall, City Market and Court House, a large and splendid Hospital, and seven Hotels.

There are two tri-weekly newspapers, the Lowell Courier, and the Lowell Advertiser. The vicinity of Boston, which by railroad is but an hour's distance, renders the establishment of a daily paper here unnecessary. There are also the Lowell Journal (Whig), the Lowell Patriot (Democratic), and five or six other weeklies. There are two monthly periodicals, the Lady's Pearl, and the Lowell Offering and Magazine. The first is written *for*, and the latter *by* the female operatives.

There is also an Institute, the object of which is to furnish the citizens with cheap and popular lectures; and we have libraries, reading rooms, Temperance rooms, two Banks, and a Savings Institution.

There are benevolent societies, libraries, and Sabbath schools connected with nearly every religious society; in short, all which can indicate an active, moral, and intelligent population.

The different corporations are the Locks and Canals, Merrimack, Hamilton, Appleton, Lowell, Middlesex, Suffolk, Tremont, Lawrence, Boott, and Massachusetts; the first incorporated in 1792, the Merrimack in 1822, and the Massachusetts in 1839.

The capital stock invested in Lowell, is \$10,700,000. There are 32 mills, exclusive of print works, etc. The number of females employed is 6,375. (In 1841 there were 7,430.) Males employed, 2,345. Number of yards wove per week, 1,351,450. The kinds of goods made are calicoes, sheetings, shirtings, drillings, broadcloths, cassimeres, carpets, rugs, and negro cloth.

The mills are warmed with hot air, and steam. In the factories are used 80,189 gallons of oil, per annum; 3,090 cords of wood; 12,300 tons of anthracite coal; 600,000 bushels of charcoal; 800,000 pounds of starch; and 4000 barrels of flour, for starch in mills, print works and bleachery. The average wages of the females, in 1842, was \$1.75 per week, exclusive of their board. But the pressure of hard times is now felt here; though, if the accounts of our papers are correct, we suffer very little in comparison with many cities of the Union. For many years manufactures have enjoyed more or less of the protection of government, and we believe Lowell has been one of the most uniformly prosperous places in New England. Still



we have sometimes our own doubts whether the same capital, which is invested here, might not have created even more real prosperity, and happiness, if invested in villages, instead of a city. It might not have been so profitable to the capitalists. There would have been difficulties attending transportation, etc., which would lead us to infer this. But we are thinking now of the operatives. And though those places are usually the first to feel the diminution of prosperity, yet it never causes the distress which attends a cessation of business in larger towns. So far as our observation has extended, in small manufacturing towns, the females save more from less wages, and are quite as happy and comfortable. In cities there are many drains upon the purse, besides those which are *necessary*.

With an allusion to our engraving we will close. The view is from Dracutt, and shows us the bend in the Merrimack, to which we have already referred. We can here see the four Lawrence, five Merrimack, four Boott, and four Massachusetts mills; besides some smaller buildings, upon the river's banks; and the roofs, and spires, of some others peering above them.

One of the most beautiful sights, we have ever witnessed, was these factories, from the bridge, which is seen in the engraving, when all these factories were lighted up for the evening's labor. The uniform and brilliant illumination, with the lights again gleaming up from the calm Merrimack, the brightness of the city beyond, the clear blue sky above, from which the sparkling stars were sending down their glittering beams into the glassy waters of the river, all combined to form a spectacle, which might almost lead an observer to believe that our hard-working, matter-of-fact city had been transformed to fairy land.

H. F.

## INCIDENTS OF ADVENTURE. No. III.

### A TRAVELLING SKETCH.

"ONCE upon a time"—there, you see, I have commenced with a regular quotation; at any rate, it is not original with me, and, from a hasty retrospective glance at my erudite lore, I am disposed to credit the authorship to that profound genius, who composed for my infantine amusement Mother Goose's fables. Having, to the best of my ability, given the authority of my quotation, and adopted a stereotype model for my beginning, I will proceed. "Once upon a time," it was my pleasure to go down the Hudson to New York. At what point of compass I started, is not a material matter for the present purpose. Neither am I disposed to inflict a description of the magnificent and sublime scenery of that noble river upon the reader. No one, with a medium susceptibility to the grand, the bold, or beautiful, could pass through the "highlands" without deeper emotions, than are wont to stir the human heart amid the busy hum of man's architectural efforts at the magnificent and imposing; and no one but a master's hand should attempt a description of it. It is strange that there should be any so blind, cold, or callous as not to *feel* the influence of such scenery; and it is as strange, that so many should essay to describe it. But it is not of the Hudson, or highlands—of the picturesque, or sublime, that I would make the subject of this sketch—although, perhaps, it was the combined influence of all these, which

made me turn to my fellow-passengers, and expect to find something *natural*, something *true* also among men. We are not wont to anticipate much from our kind, nor look for any very striking developement of noble or ingenuous feelings; but there are moments when we are ready to trust, to feel confidence, to hope that the artificial has not uprooted all candor and truthfulness; and it was with such feelings that I turned to scan the motley group around me.

There was one lady, who particularly attracted my notice, as we neared the city. She came on board the boat at some landing, about three hours before we reached New York; and although her toilette was altogether too elaborate for a traveller, yet I was disposed to be very charitable in my construction of the display, as I learned she was going to meet her husband. She had expected him to come for her, but his business had detained him; and after a painful three weeks' separation, she could not wait any longer, and was to join him in the city.

She was a splendid being—just tall and large enough to fill my idea of a perfect woman, although she more than realized that of a fairy. Her complexion was very fair, while the rose lingered upon her cheek with the purest hue of an opening blossom. Her hair was the right shade of brown to contrast with the fair and open brow it shaded. Blue eyes, and rosy pouting lips, which seemed as if they were made only to utter sweet things; and teeth that looked as if they never closed upon any thing less delicate and delicious than ice-cream. Her countenance *in toto*, was not spiritual, but bespoke confidence, trust, tenderness. She was one to love—not to worship. The beholder felt that she was a beautiful woman, but would not have mistaken her for a deity. Her manners were easy and graceful. Her courteous affability apparently sprung from kindly feelings, as well as good breeding.

She was not accompanied by any attendant, save her nursery-maid, who had the charge of a child as lovely as the mother. The lady could not have seen more than twenty-one or two years; and the babe was apparently about a year and a half old. It was from her prattling talk to the child, that I learned, or rather *guessed*, her fondness for the father.

"Emma will see papa soon," was the oft-repeated endearment to the child, who would crow and leap to meet the mother's kisses.

The father—my imagination ran wild in picturing the ideal of him who possessed so lovely a wife, and so charming a child. I painted him all that was desirable in man—a fit match for such a mate. Kind, noble, generous, and indulgent—possessed of every requisite of fortune and wealth, which he showered, with a liberality almost amounting to profuseness, upon his wife. The gold and diamonds, which glittered upon her brow, hands and bosom, were proof positive that there was no niggardness, or want of means in the one who supplied her purse. I could not but regret the excess of ornaments, as it seemed as if they entered in rivalry with her own sweet beauty. When I felt the superiority of her own charms, I could not but think that these extrinsic aids, so extravagantly applied, rather marred than adorned the beauty they were intended to enhance.

Incidentally, I gathered that their residence was at the place where the lady had embarked, but that her husband's business called him much to New York; and when his stay was prolonged, as it had been in the present instance, she joined him there.

My curiosity was so much excited, and my imagination so wide awake, that I determined to watch for the husband, as the lady had informed me that he was to meet her at the landing; but in the confusion of the steam-



boat's arrival, and the attendance to my own concerns, (for I was alone) I forgot them. I probably should have left the boat without thinking, amid that Babel, of the lady, or her gallant husband, had not one of the passengers pulled my sleeve, to attract my notice, as I was leaving the saloon.

"Is that her husband?" she inquired in a low tone, directing me with a glance of her eye to the centre of a group on the other side of the door.

"No," I promptly replied, as I followed with my eye her direction, and saw *the* lady, my heroine, standing there, exchanging glances with an old, very old gentleman. "It is her father, or grandfather," I continued, as I paused a moment when I saw the maid approaching with the child,

"Emma dear," said the delighted mother, "papa has come." I looked in vain to see the reality of my ideal image; but no new one approached, and the old gentleman received the glad caress of the laughing babe.

Her husband!—it could not be. He had been detained, and her father had come to meet her. The old gentleman was a respectable-appearing, plain-looking man, probably between seventy and seventy-five years of age. He was thin and spare; not very tall, nor so short as to look inferior. His hair was perfectly white, cut close round his forehead, in Puritan style. I looked into his face. It was thin, but not long, and the expression was prudence, caution—a kind of dollar-and-cent look. No striking benevolence, nor glaring meanness was written upon the brow or features.

"Will you have a carriage, ma'am?"

"Have a cab?"

"Is this your baggage?"

"My cab, ma'am?"—and five hundred more queries of the same nature, interrupted the current of my reflections. The confusion increased, and I verily feared that the Cab Arabs would possess themselves of me piecemeal. In the confusion, I lost sight of my fellow-traveller, and the *old* gentleman.

As my destination in the city was some two or three miles from the landing, and of all conveyances and vehicles a cab is my most hearty detestation, I inquired for a coach; and pointing out my trunk to a man, who assured me that he had "the best on the stand," I prepared to follow my conductor. Satisfied that his carriage was not *a cab*, I did not stop for any farther comparisons, or observations upon its condition; and, possibly, I might have been content at that time with a wheelbarrow, if it would have taken me out of the mud, and away from the cabs. But I hastily ascended the steps, and on looking up, lo! there was my agreeable steamboat companion, the old gentleman, nursery-maid, babe, and all.

The lady recognized me by a smile, and nod, and pursued her conversation with the gentleman.

"Did Susan have his dinners in season? Was his linen well aired? Was his appetite good? Did he expect them to-day," &c. &c.

The inquiries were answered, and his pleasure expressed for their safe arrival; and then the mother thought of her child.

"Dear Edward, don't you think Emma—"

But I don't know what the conclusion of the inquiry was. My ears were filled past the reception of any more sounds. "*Dear Edward!*" The very rattling of the carriage gave back the words, "*Dear Edward!*"

A passage back through the "highlands" could not, at that moment, have restored me any faith, or confidence in man, or woman.

"Dear Edward!" It took twenty-four hours of sound sleep to get it out of my head—to keep it from continually ringing in my ears.

On arriving at my friend's, I found a gentleman in the parlor, who was a

stranger to me. My friend had met me with a warm and cordial manner, that did not require words for a reply. A pressure of the hand, and a kiss was my return, and the first word that I uttered was a reply to the gentleman's courteous salutation after our introduction.

"Dear Edward!" I replied, as I touched his proffered hand.

He started back in amazement, and I became conscious of the words I had uttered. One with less impudence might have fainted, or had a fit, but I laughed. My friend regarded me with astonishment and displeasure. I sobered my mirth, as she, in a severe tone, said,

"Kate, are you crazy?"

"As near so as an old fool, and a young one, could make me," I replied. "Do not, my dear sir," I continued, "feel flattered by the *empressement* of my address. If you had been a cat, or a dog, it would have been the same." And I then related the adventure of the day, and the *denouement* of the last half hour.

KATE.

### TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

HARP! whose strings the passing breeze  
Waketh to light symphonies,

Rude, yet strangely mild;  
Thou a mirror art to me,  
Where the *spirit-harp* I see,  
O'er whose strings mysteriously  
Float life's breezes wild.

There, all passions of the soul  
Whirlwind-like, gush forth and roll  
O'er each trembling string.  
There, Thought moveth, all sublime;  
There, the varied gusts of time,  
Joys and sorrows mingling chime,  
Mingling echoes ring.

Sometimes, bland Affection's gale  
Whispering to the harp its tale,  
Strikes a lively tone.  
But, when blighting Grief and Care  
Pour their fitful murmurs there,  
Plaintive notes an answer bear  
With a low, deep moan.

There, Afflictions, furious, rush,  
And the strains of gladness hush,  
Hope did whilome sing.  
Then, wild shrieks of Madness swell;

Then, like night-winds drear and chill,  
Dark Despair's low wailings thrill  
Every shattered string.

But a hallowed, chastened strain  
Swelleth joyfully again  
From each saddened wire,  
When, like gales from shores unknown  
Comes the Spirit! glorious One!  
Waking there a seraph-tone,  
re-creates upon the lyre.

Thus, its strings by grief are riven,  
Thus, the notes of earth and heaven  
Blending, o'er it thrill:  
Till, when Life yields not a balm,  
Adverse winds no longer harm;  
Cometh Death:—a mighty calm,  
And the harp is *still*.

Still—on EARTH! but who can tell  
What glad strains along it swell,  
Eden's bowers among?  
Mortal! guard thy *heart*! be wise;  
There let no harsh discord rise,  
And thou may'st in Paradise,  
Hear the harp's "new song."

L. L.



## FAITH AND FANCY.

A BEAUTIFUL, bright creature is Fancy. Who has not listened to her wild whisperings, and felt her magical impulses? To the eye of childhood she presents the scenes of the vast Future, in a series of charmed pictures, all glowing with the fresh colorings of Hope, undimmed by Disappointment, and untarnished by the demon Guilt. Oh! how often has the child longed for the time when those bewitching visions should be realized! And when the veil of years has been removed, and the sad, cold reality is felt—when that, which seemed a Paradise, proves to be a wilderness, how the heart still cherishes the illusions of the sorceress; still clings to the phantoms of her creation; and when most disappointed, reaches forward to grasp one more dazzling and more deceitful still.

False as Fancy is, and often as she has cheated me with her delusive promises and flattering dreams, being a mortal, I have dearly loved her; and do still cherish her companionship, with all the blindness common to mortals.—I have visited with her, in the dim twilight, the sylvan glades and quiet nooks of the forest; and as she stood by my side, I have beheld troops of fairy creatures issue from the shelter of the moss-grown rock, or the waving canopy of grass, and join in a merry dance upon the green sward, while their rainbow-colored robes glittered in the moonlight, and their voices sounded like the far-off tinkling of musical bells, as they warbled their blithe evening song. I have watched them as they dispersed, to gather, in their tiny chalices, the dewy nectar from the cells of the honey-suckle; kiss the tears of evening from the young rose-bud's cheek; rock the blue-eyed violet to sleep with a faint lullaby; or nestle in the azure depths of the harebell.

She has stood by my pillow in the night-watches, and shown me spectral shapes moving around me, and looking upon me with her sorrowful eyes; their hollow voices whispering warning words, and their shadowy fingers pointing at me. And when I have turned, heart-sickened, from their unearthly gaze, she has revealed to me a band of shining ones, bending over my couch, smiling upon me, and soothing me with words of peace.

She has borne me on her untiring pinions, far over mountain and valley, to the distant ocean. We have dived together through the yielding waves, to the palace of Neptune, and sat at the banquet of the sea-fairies. I have stood, at her bidding, on the slippery icebergs of the Arctic, while the water-spirits steered them carefully out of the course of the daring mariner, and thus floated on, till they sank in the wild waters of the Pacific. She has led me in the track of the mermaid, through avenues of coral, and pastures of sea-flowers, to the sacred chambers of the dead, the brave and the lovely of earth. There I have seen them weave, of silken threads, a winding sheet for a delicate form; lay it upon a bed of the purest coral, and hang around it the dark sea-weed for a pall. Then they would part the damp locks on the pallid brow of the sailor boy, and twine around it a wreath of gems and pearls, and scatter about him diamonds, whose radiance beamed so brightly upon his changeless face, that he seemed like a spirit reposing among the stars in the blue of heaven.

I have watched with her the appearance of the day-spring, over the shadowy hill-tops; and as streak after streak of golden light has shot up from the horizon, till all the east was glowing with brilliant and varying hues, she has whispered to me that I was witnessing no common spectacle; that it was

the palace of THE ETERNAL which I beheld, towering high above the hills. Yet even *she* dared not pretend to unveil to me the recesses of his pavilion, where I might look upon HIM, THE UNCREATED, face to face. She could not picture to me the splendor of his outer courts, and the gorgeous array of his attending hosts, as they begirt his temple in their panoply of purple and gold. She pointed to me, also, myriads of white-robed spirits, gliding forward on their swift pinions, in the track of the sun-beam, to pay their orisons to THE MIGHTIEST ONE; and she bade me listen to the songs of rejoicing, which they warbled as they sped. Even after the splendid illusions had vanished, it has sometimes seemed that mysterious music, as from an invisible sphere, was floating down, and murmuring in my ear, with more than earthly melody.

But why should I thus recount the vagaries of this wayward deceiver—for have not all, aye, even the wisest and best, been deluded by her, with visions more glowing, and more unreal than these? Seldom, unless it be by accident, does the errant foot of Fancy tread upon the confines of Truth; and though some wander a whole life-time through her diversified realms, theirs is no coveted lot. But there is one, of aspect no less attractive, in whose benignant truthfulness may be found an ample solace for the impositions of Fancy. It is Faith. She needs no gaudy colorings, or curious devices to allure her followers, for there is beauty, nay, there is majesty in the realities which she displays. She pains not the hearts of cherished friends with whispers of coldness and distrust; she scares no sleepless eye with dark and horrible visions; she assumes not a different shape with every passing breeze; she is ever the same, mild, peaceful and winning; and yet her votaries are fewer than those of Fancy. Men are ever more prone to fall in love with the show and parade of the Ideal, than with the grandeur of the Real.

When I wander with her through the wide domain of Nature, she shows me a hand which, while it spans the universe, and holds up unnumbered worlds in their places, at the same moment guides the path of the dancing rivulet, cloths the lily of the valley, and the mountain daisy, in their modest habiliments, unfolds each small spear of grass from its seedy envelope, and directs its course up through the moist earth, or teaches the wild bird of the forest how to build his nest.

She will not wander with me to seek out the earthly resting-places of the beautiful and good, which I once loved, whether they sleep wreathed about with perennial flowers on some far-off sunny shore, or whether their graves are made by the mermaids in the ocean-depths; but she tells me that they rest in the arms of ONE who loved them when living, and who took them from earth to be HIS own forever, and that even their poor perishing dust HE safely keeps in the hollow of HIS hand, and will, at a great future day, raise it again, a glorious and spiritual semblance of what they once have been. And thus, were they uncoffined and unburied, I could leave them more cheerfully than if the mausoleum of princes was above them, or if the willows in the burial place of my fathers shaded them; for her words are founded in truth, and I may not doubt them. She tells me, too, that the same Hand of Love ever shields those who are dear to me as my own life; and when temptations and sorrows assail them or me, she points upward, and with an unwavering voice says, "Look up! Be strong, and fear not!" And when I have obeyed her, though with eyes dimmed with tears, I have seen the black cloud rolling away, the blue sky shining above, and a Hand from behind the cloud stretched out for relief.



When I would fain look down the vista of the future, and behold the home of the spirit, when it shall have fully realized its immortality, she does not show me a picture of sun-lit fields and ever-green bowers; of many toned instruments, and thrones of gold, which are but Fancy's emblems, and can come no nearer the reality, than earth can approach Heaven. She chases away the dreams of what *may be*, and bids me look upon what *is*. She tells me that there is a place of purity, which sin shall never defile—a home for the weary, where the "wicked cease from troubling," a balm for the sorrowing in the presence of Him who "poured out his soul unto death," for their sakes; a blessed meeting for all who have trusted in Him since the world began; and of that ransomed band, she tells me I may become a member, if I but follow her bidding. Glorious truths! to which the ETERNAL and IMMUTABLE hath set his seal.

Pleasant are the flights, and beguiling are the whispers of Fancy, but happy is he who cherishes the true Faith. Y. M.

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"OUR THOUGHTS ARE HEARD IN HEAVEN."

A THOUGHT! How light a thing it seems! It passes away as unnoticed as a breath of the summer breeze. Or, as the momentary eddying of water, into which a pebble is cast. But the pebble, thus carelessly thrown away, is not lost. It is beneath the waters, and we see it not; but it remains the same, a pebble still. So the thought, that for a moment disturbed the surface of the mind, and then sunk into the oblivion of forgetfulness, is not lost. Ages may roll away, but it still remains, an imperishable thing, safe in the deep waters of eternity. It was "heard in heaven." Can it be forgotten? It was the emanation of spirit, a part of our very selves, and shall it not endure as long? It is still our own, and shall we not again meet and acknowledge it? If the sea shall give up its treasures of mortality, will not the ocean of eternity be as faithful to the spirit?

But already, are our thoughts revealed—though the veil of clay enables us to conceal them, if we will, from mortals like ourselves, yet the moment they are embodied in the soul, they are seen—are heard—in Heaven.—What a startling, thrilling truth! Are they all pure, so that Holiness may gaze on them with complacency? Should we not dread an exposure of some of them, even to our kindred in imperfection? Who is innocent?—Who feels condemned? Alas! what folly is ours—revealing only what we have deemed the bright and beautiful; we have fondly imagined that the darkness and deformity within, were forever hid in the deep recesses of the spirit. Strangely have we forgotten the Omniscient, though invisible ONE; and, all absorbed in the world around us, it has scarcely occurred to us that we are remembered in the "high and holy place."

To those who are seeking for purity of heart—who, while they tabernacle in the flesh, would be like the sinless ones above, the poet's words are full of consolation. Their hatred of impurity, and their secret struggling with sin, is not unnoticed by their Father in Heaven. And their reachings after immortality, and unuttered longings of the spirit, which can be clothed only in the language of Heaven, are there heard and understood. E. L.

## OUR POOR RELATION.

IN making "*our poor relation*" the hero of a tale, I would not be thought to imply that he is *the only one*, with whom we have the good or ill fortune to be connected, who possesses this signalizing qualification; or, to speak more properly, as want of wealth or comforts is but a negative possession, we would not be thought to imply that he is the only one to whom we are related who is not possessed of a sufficiency of this world's goods to escape the trials and afflictions of poverty. But I believe he is the only one of them who is poor because he never really tried to be otherwise—because he never exerted himself to obtain, by any decisive efforts, the means of an honest livelihood. And yet no one in our circle of relatives has a greater capacity for the enjoyment of the ease and luxuries, which wealth may bring, and which most men hope may be the rewards of a life of industry; neither are there any of them who are more keenly sensitive to the stings and pangs which are almost always the sure accompaniment of poverty. Neither is he our *poor relation* because he is more destitute than any others of the clan of the capacity to acquire for himself riches and honors, unless indeed disinclination may be considered incapacity. Neither is he *par excellence* our poor relation, merely because, compared with wealthier members of the family, he may be considered poor, though possessed of many things which "poor folk" would be glad to enjoy. No, we have other relations, who row with broken oars across life's stormy sea, and have but a frail and leaky bark in which to stow whatever they have grasped amidst its angry waves. But he has no bark; no, not even an oar, and when no one of them will have the mercy to give him a seat in their small boat, he must e'en buffet the breakers with oarless hands. Yes, we have many relations upon whom Dame Fortune has always looked askance, though they rise early, and sit late; though they eat the bread of toil, and are clothed in the garments of carefulness; though they sleep the deep slumber of the laborer, and sweat the salt drops which were the curse of Adam. But they all have something, while he has nothing—they have a home, "if it's ever so homely," and he has he has neither house, land, money, trade, or even, the poor man's lawful blessing, a wife and "baker's dozen" of children. Yet he makes the best of his state of *single grief*, and if Madam Fortune looks with vinegar aspect upon him, he faces her fearlessly, with an impudent leer. He understands his position very well, as witness, for example, a letter which he sent to one who was wealthier than himself, and by which it will be seen that our poor relation is, in truth, a beggar.

"A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondence—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity—an unwelcome remembrancer—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse—a more intolerable dun on your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your 'scutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles pot—a Mordecai at your gate—a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a sore in your side—a triumph to your enemies—an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet—the bore *par excellence*.



He is known by his knock, and so he does not knock at all. But what of all this periphrasis? Nothing—nothing but *old clothes*. There is not one in the long catalogue of my relatives who will give me a sou—for my seams are gaping like a Dutch lugger's under the tropic; and, let me assure you, that these solutions of continuity, though not so dangerous as sabre wounds, tend, notwithstanding, as assuredly towards mortification," &c.

The reader will perceive that he does not lack the capacity to appreciate the extent of his grievances, or the ability to state them so that they may be comprehended by others. A brief account of his life will unravel the riddle of his poverty, for such poverty with such abilities must seem a problem it were well worth while to solve.

Our poor relation was left fatherless when but a little boy, and his excellent mama—for she was a good woman—wished to bring up (as the term is) her children in a style more accordant with their past fortunes, than with that which was likely to be their future lot. To work at a trade or to till the ground were employments degrading to her boys, and so they must be put in a store, or something of that sort, because it was *more genteeler*. He was placed in a store, and in some store he remained till he was about eighteen years of age. Then commenced his wanderings—for, impelled by his restless spirit, he left his home, and went into the country, to the house of a poor relative, a clergyman, who had been sick for more than a year, with a host of "wee toddlin things" about, the usual solace of a country parsonage. He went well dressed—dressed like a gentleman, and felt quite nicely, though he could not then have been aware what an epoch in his existence the possession of a good suit of clothes was to be. Well, he would not work, and was then ashamed to *beg*, using the word in its popular sense, and so they thought they would make a gentleman and scholar of him. He was set to his books, and soon mastered a good English education, though it is to be doubted whether he ever really applied himself to study an hour in his life. What he knew came almost by instinct. Yet he was by no means deficient in the higher branches of Mathematics, and in Grammar, Rhetoric, Criticism, &c., was an adept.

So he resolved to be a pedagogue, as in his opinion it was most like doing nothing at all of any occupation at which he could establish himself. He crossed the Green Mountains into the State of New York, and taught there about six months, then wandered to the South, and finally was back among his New England relatives, by the end of the year. They refitted and recruited him, and set him off; and again he went on a pilgrimage, and again came back. This game he played several times, coming back always as restless and destitute as an Arab, and again they would fit him out, and send him off.

At length he thought he would be a sailor, but, though he "followed the seas" at intervals, for many years, it is doubtful whether he ever completed more than two or three voyages. He would beg off, or get away in any manner, and then to his beloved relations he would come, tatters a-flying. He was always a more welcome visitant to the younger members of the family than to their parents; for to them he could tell many a marvellous tale of land and sea.

He was once the librarian of the North Carolina. It is, or was, the largest ship in the American Navy. Its complement was three hundred men, and it was kept by its commander, Commodore Rogers, with the neatness, order, and almost the splendor, of a palace. If in those days of early childhood I had ever anticipated the honor of contributing to the LOWELL OFFERING, I

would have treasured among the archives of my memory many a tale of lands afar, and perils dire. I should like, above all, to entertain my readers with an account, of which I have but a vague recollection, of the entertainment which Com. Rogers once gave the Turkish delegation in the harbor of Smyrna. It was the only time, I believe, that our poor relation ever saw his commander in full uniform—he usually wore the “half dress.” His appearance was splendid, and the Ottoman grandees appeared in their blue silk pelisses, and red morocco boots. As much of Turkish refinements, and luxuries, as could be tastefully blended with the naval etiquette of America, was enjoyed at this banquet. There were pipes, coffee, music, and perfumery, in the naval saloon—all but *ladies*, and the Turks did not regret their absence.

But if memory is not very treacherous, I have heard “our poor relation” speak of lovely Italian, or Spanish, ladies dancing on the polished deck, to the stirring music of an unrivalled band, while the brilliant moonlight of those cloudless climes slept upon the Mediterranean.

At the Turkish banquet George B. English was interpreter. Though not like our poor relation, he was quite as eccentric a genius. He graduated at Harvard University, in 1807, the first scholar in his class. He studied Divinity—preached in Boston, and vicinity—was not popular—became disheartened, and vexed. Reversing the practice of some later skeptics, he repudiated the New Testament, and retained the Old. Was thus a Jew. Wrote his book, entitled “The Grounds of Christianity Examined, by comparing the New Testament with the Old.” He was answered by Edward Everett—was much mortified, and became a Mahometan. He resided some time in Egypt, and acquainted himself with Egyptian and Turkish literature. He returned at length to his native land, and died some ten, twelve, or fourteen years ago.

Such was one of the companions with whom our poor relation met in his wanderings, and though not kindred spirits there was, at least, between them the affinity of eccentricity.

Our poor relation has abjured a sailor’s life for many years, and when he has done any thing it has been teaching a school at the West, or South. He is now growing old; and, when I saw him last, there were gray hairs mingled with his dark locks; but if he live till they are white as the driven snow his silvered head will never be a crown of wisdom. He has never found, and probably never sought, the true knowledge which is to be learned in the lessons of life.

But some may wish to know if he has never loved, never grieved in disappointment; in short, if he may not have been a little love-cracked, as the saying is. I think not. He can talk a great deal of romance to young ladies, and write poetry for their albums, but if he is love-cracked he must have been born so.

Among some poems which I still preserve as mementoes of our poor relation, is one written “long, long ago,” upon a beautiful young Virginian lady, commencing

“Welcome, fair one, blithe and gay,  
Welcome as the flowers of May;  
Though a stranger thou to me,  
Suffer me to welcome thee.

Thy forehead fair, and locks of gold,  
Remind me of those nymphs of old,  
Who graced Arcadia’s happy plains,  
The joy of age and pride of swains.”

And so on to the end of the sheet. The lady probably liked the poem bet-



ter than the poet, though I do not know that she ever deigned to bestow a smile upon either.

Sometime after this he made love to a New England maiden lady, who had a little property, and a little house, and every thing very snug and cozy about it; and no poor relation who was more anxious to share all these good things with her than ours was. They had already agreed upon a nuptial contract, and he was waiting for the day on which with all his worldly goods he should her endow, when the lady was informed by some of her good friends, that they had heard her intended use profane language. He had made himself so very agreeable that she did not know that he had other faults, or was willing to overlook them, but she could not tolerate swearing; so he had to take the mitten; and if it cured him of his bad habits, it did a very good office for a mitten.

Sometime after this he paid his addresses to a wealthy widow lady of Mississippi, who owned a plantation, and thirty or forty slaves. Here he conducted himself so admirably that the lady was very willing to share with him her bed and board, for the pleasure of his society, and the protection he would afford her, and the care he could take of her property, &c.; and Fortune seemed to have turned over a new leaf, when he found himself the lawful wedded spouse of his charmer. But, alas! the bright sun, which blazed so brightly on him now, was soon to be shrouded in ebon clouds. The lady's husband, who had been in Texas, fighting Caddoes, Camanches, and Santa Anna, was not killed, as she had been informed; and he came back again like Ulysses, from his long wanderings, but not to find his wife a Penelope. Of course he was again the master of his home, and the lady was at liberty to choose between the former and the latter husband; and, like a true woman, she clung to the love of her youth, and her comfortable home, and our poor relation found that he was not married at all, at all.

Now, like many another vagabond, our poor relation is somewhat of a poet; and, in his disappointment he solaced himself by writing verses upon the instability of all sublunary things. Among them is the following, suggested by his own peculiar afflictions.

#### "LOVE AND HOPE.

At morn young Love and Hope reclined  
Upon a summer's sea,  
But scarce had noontide come when he  
Into his bark leaped smilingly;  
And left poor Hope behind.

'I go,' said Love, 'to sail awhile  
Across yon sunny main;  
And then so sweet his parting smile  
That Hope, who never dreamed of guile,  
Believed he'd come again.

She lingered there till evening's beam  
Along the waters lay;  
And o'er the sands, in fitful dream,  
Oft traced his name, which still the stream  
As often washed away.

At length a sail appears in sight,  
And tow'rd the maiden moves;  
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright  
His golden bark reflects the light;  
But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail, 't is Friendship shows  
Her night lamp o'er the sea;  
And calm the light that lamp bestows,  
But Love has light that warmer glows,  
But where, alas, is he?

Now, fast around both sea and main  
Night throws her darkling chain;  
The sunny sails are seen no more,  
Hope's morning dream of Love was o'er,  
He never came again."

Now to show that our poor relation could value the favors of the ladies as

any rich man would have done, I cannot refrain from inserting another of his poems, as they will probably never see the light unless I do.

"TO A LADY OF PENNSYLVANIA,

WHO GAVE ME A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

<p>Yes, I will keep thy simple gift,          It boasts no diamond rare,          No sparkling gem, no glitt'ring gold,          A tress of braided hair.          And this, thy valued Friendship's gift          Shall be a treasured thing,          A talisman of lasting power,          Fond thoughts of thee to bring.          When lengthened years have passed away,          And Time has marked thy brow,          'T will bring thy form to memory,          E'en as I see it now.          And tho' that form with time may change,          Or fade neath Sorrow's blight,</p>	<p>Yet this dear braid will still remain          As beautiful, as bright.          'T will picture, when far, far away          Sweet scenes of happiness,          And be a friend, in care to cheer          With hopes of future bliss.          And I shall see thy form again,          As through a magic glass,          And thou, all lovely, good, and fair,          Before my eye shall pass.          And, for thy precious gift, what shall          My gratitude decline?          Oh, wilt thou, love, my heart accept,          For thy tress of braided hair?"</p>
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I can hardly conceive how she refrained from saying, *Yes*, for he asked it handsomely.

With a few more lines, which seem applicable to his own case, I will close my extracts.

<p>"I've seen the tall ship proudly braving,          With high sail set, and streamer waving,          The tempest's roar, the ocean's pride;          I've seen the lofty streamer shrinking,          The high sail rent, the proud ship sinking,          Beneath the ocean's tide.</p>	<p>I've heard the dying seaman sighing—          His body on the blue sea lying—          His death prayer to the wind;          But sadder sight the eye can know          Than proud bark lost, or seaman's wo,          The shipwreck of the mind."</p>
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In his case we see such a shipwreck. He had talents which might have made him a worthy and useful man—he wanted nothing but habits of discreet steady application. Through life he has been a useless member of society; a non-applicant; a consumer—not a producer; and, in our story, there is evolved a good moral, for all the young and careless.

For many years we have seen but little of our poor relation. Occasionally he comes however; "sometimes in rags, sometimes in tags, but never in velvet gowns." Like the comet, he goes on his erratic track, and we know not whether it will be to return, and like the comet he comes, nobody knows for what, or from whence, or why he goes again, unless it is to "go it."

The last time I heard from him, he was at President Harrison's funeral, and his interesting account of that splendid and melancholy pageant may be the last we are ever to hear of *our poor relation*.

ANNETTE.

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APPLICATION. There are but few tasks so unwelcome as to preach to the young of application. On that very account it is more needed, and they should nerve themselves to hear, remember, and practise it.



LINES ADDRESSED TO THE COMET.

IN IMITATION OF BURNS.

WEEL, stranger! fain I'd hae ye tell  
Some sort o' tale about yoursel;  
I dinna like ye very well;  
But mair if I should ken  
About your journeyins far an near,  
An what may be your business here,  
My manners it might men.

We, Yankees, are the anes to spier  
What ye hae done this mony a year;  
Will ye not tell us, plain and clear,  
Where ye sae long hae been?  
Whether ye e'er before were here,  
An where ye next inten to steer,  
An if ye'll come agen?

I told ye ance I liked ye not;  
I ne'er hae kenned a' good ye've wrought  
A racin here an there;  
On you we ne'er can keep an eye,  
Ye round creation feckless fly,  
A spinnin street-yarn i' the sky;  
I think ye *like the air*.

While far your trail sae braw ye spread,  
Ye've wit enough to hide your head;  
Ye've but a peacock's glory;  
I'm sure ye hae na ony brains,  
An ye can hae but little gains;  
A rollin stone na moss retains,  
Sae saith the guid auld story.

I'm sure I wish ye'd men your ways;  
I'd gladly gie ye mickle praise,  
For ance o' guid behavin;  
Thae ither planets, stars, and things—  
O' which the poet aften sings,  
Sic joy to mony a body brings,  
While ye but set folk ravin.

They come to cheer the darksome night,  
An o'er us shed their constant light,  
While round an round ye're rinnin;  
On them, as on some douce gude book,  
The chartless mariner may look;  
Their courses they hae ne'er forsook,  
An keep a steady spinnin.

Ye'd better far, than gae away,  
Now in our universe to stay,  
An be a sober planet;  
Just draw your trail up i' a heap;  
Like dormice when they gae to sleep;  
Yet look ye weel afore ye leap,  
Sic change, ye might not stan it.

Yet a' our Washin'tonians tell,  
That reformation suits them well;  
Some o' them here cut quite a swell,  
Wha ance were waur than ye;  
Went rantin round, a scarin a',  
The auld an young, the great and sma',  
Wha i' their way might be.

An ye now come unto our warl,  
Like that auld guid-for-nothin carl,  
Wha fain wad into ruin hurl,  
Lang syne, auld patient Job;  
As though he'd not enough o' strife,  
Wi' fourteen bairns to vex his life,  
And then a wise advisin wife  
As ony on the globe.

Fu' soon I ken ye'll gae away,  
Tho' Miller folk wad hae ye stay;  
They think ye'll list their prayer,  
An say your trail ye'll o'er us splash,  
An yie us a' an awsome crash;  
The warl itsel will gae to smash;  
Ah, do it! gin ye dare.

An yet, if as sae mony say,  
Ye hit the earth, some night or day,  
It wad na make me sad;  
The warl gaes steady as a clock,  
She wad na min your feckly shock,  
An ye wad get an awfu' knock,  
An hurt ye very bad.

Daft Miller thinks ye're but his tool;  
He'll fin himsel an April fule,  
When ye shall gae away,  
An gie us na that mighty toss,  
Which a' the saunts will send across,  
Death's dreaded, deep, uncannie fosse,  
In glorious array.

They 'll waesome be when ye shall fail  
 To skelper wi' your mighty trail,  
 E'en like a crooning harpooned whale,  
 An heeze them i' the air;  
 Gin ye wad gie them sic a ride,  
 While they amang the clouds did bide,  
 Pray, what the lave wad then betide?  
 Ye 'd send us sinners—where?

I hae na fears o' my salvation;  
 I 'd sign ye not a supplication,  
 Tho' lang 's an Anti-Slave petition,  
 Ye 'd fling it "neath the table;"  
 I think to do some awsome thing,  
 That on us a' wad ruin bring,  
 An ither tune wad make me sing,  
 Ye 're willin mair than able.

Ye 're workin a' your mischief now,  
 Ye bring the cauld an wind I trow,  
 The spring time's drifting snow;  
 The cynic's words to ye I 'll tell,  
 Wha, lang syne, i' a tub did dwell,  
 An said to ane, some like yoursel,  
 "Out o' my sunshine, gae!"

Awa! begone! an when afar,  
 Ayont the very farthest star,  
 Ye fin ye 're a' but froze,  
 Ye 'll do agen, as now ye 've done,  
 Come drivin back toward the sun,  
 Tho' wise men say (the claivers run)  
 He 's cauld as pussy's nose.

Thae learned folk—I think they 're daft,  
 Wi' a' their books and scholar craft,  
 They seem to me as unco saft,  
 When puir folk they disturb;  
 As tho' a body should not live  
 Unless he know the adjective,  
 The plural, an the verb.

Ay, get ye gone! an we will screel,  
 As loud 's we can, a last fareweel,  
 Your exit when we view it;  
 An yet, gude sake, 't is very true  
 That ye are blythe, an bonnie too,  
 I 'll gie a comet e'en his due,  
 Or ane day I may rue it.

COILA.

## SOLITUDE.

START not, thoughtful reader, at what you may be pleased to think a strange caption for this article, nor conjure in your mind some old rock-bound cavern, far removed from the haunts of men, and surrounded by nought but those stern old trees of the forest, whose strong arms have withstood the fierce blasts of ages. Imagine not this to be the theme upon which I shall dwell—declaring rocks and caverns—the home of the wild beasts—to be a fit abode for man, and saying that he should live there alone; that in order to have a heart pure and spotless, he must separate himself from his fellow-man, and hold communion with no spirit save that of his Maker.

Oh, no! imagine not this, for we are social beings, creatures of sympathy, bound together by the strong bonds of affection. We know these chords to be strong, because it requires force to snap one asunder, and then it is a long while before the remaining ones will give out their wonted tones in sweet harmony. They miss their kindred chord. God, the ruler of events, has formed us thus, and wisely ordered that we should cheer our brother on his toilsome way. And I would not have it otherwise, for happiness comes to me while sharing the joyous feelings of those whose hearts seem bursting with the excess of this emotion—and while weeping alone with the sorrowful. In this last there is a something which reaches far down into the soul, and can be understood only by those who have experienced the "joy of grief." It may not be well for us always to be alone, and yet it may be necessary that we should sometimes be removed from mortal eyes, and where we may,



unmolested, commune with our own hearts, and hold sweet converse with THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS. Sweet it may be, if our hearts are right, and if not, we must set ourselves about purifying them. In these seasons of solitude, let us make it our business to seek out each dark obscure corner, and place there a light—even that of love—and forget not to watch with undying zeal the same. O, allow it not, for want of the attention of a few leisure moments, to burn fainter, and fainter, and at last to go out. Cheerless must be the hours of solitude to that heart which has not one lamp of love, that will throw its enlivening rays into the surrounding darkness. It can draw no lessons of instruction from anything in nature, unless it can have the loan of some neighbor's lamp, for the book of nature is but a revelation of love. To his senseless ear, the low fluttering breeze, as it comes in the stillness of evening, and gently moves the leaves of the surrounding foliage, the faint murmur of the brook, the loud roar of the cataract—or even the rich music of the birds—these are nothing more than unmeaning, useless sounds. Not so with the faithful watcher, who keeps the blaze of his ten thousand little lamps continually rising. Precious to him are the occasional hours of solitude, and they are equally so, whether it be in the silence of his own chamber, where he has leisure to study his own heart, and to toil to make each feeling harmonize, or out in the extensive field of nature, where he reads in legible lines upon every thing, the revelations of God. Not even the shadows of night are sufficient to obscure in the least, the tangible form of these revelations.

On the contrary, some bright or dull evening, it may be, affords a rich feast to my solitary friend. If the weather is rough and boisterous, he sits in his room, and listens to the strange sounds produced by the wind, as it comes steadily on for a moment, and then dies away with a faint whistle. Again it comes in a sudden gust, and screams out like some affrighted child.—The benevolent man starts up, alive to the feeling of humanity, and listens with intense anxiety, for something more to confirm his startled fears. The low whining sound that comes with the returning gust seats him calmly again, while a grateful feeling steals into his heart, that no one is suffering. So even on such a night as this, he is the better for having been for a few moments alone, where the current of thought could have free circulation, unimpeded by the cold sneering smile of an unfeeling face. But there are times more favorable than this, I think, for the improvement of our religious natures—times when the soul must, if it be true to itself, break away from the low sensual things of earth, to ponder upon the pure and sublime of another world. O, I would that every soul might thus prove its power, and by this means secure to itself a fountain which shall ever gush forth, and create in the soul that verdant beauty, which indicates the presence of living waters.

ADELINE.

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### THE INDIANS.

HAIL! far-famed Columbia, the land of the brave,  
 Enparadized garden of flowers,  
 Where the banner of freedom triumphant doth wave,  
 We exultingly call this land ours.

But where is that race that once dwelt in these shades?  
 Sole sovereign of this western world—  
 Who surveyed every brook, every hill, and each glade,  
 Ah! their names in oblivion are hurled.

Here great mother Nature their infancy lulled,  
 Ere the archers had taught them to roam;  
 From this paradise-garden subsistence they culled,  
 This rich-teeming Eden their home.

This magical city! Pentucket of yore—  
 Every hill, every street, and each nook,  
 'T was here that the Indian learned his wild lore  
 From Nature's voluminous book.

Here, here, on this spot, they once sported with game,  
 When Nature her ensign did rear;  
 O'er the hill, and the valley, the meadows, and plain,  
 They have once chased the wild bounding deer.

Ah! that red race is gone; they have passed like a dream,  
 Who in freedom's wild fastnesses grew,  
 Who meandered the banks of this broad rolling stream,  
 And here paddled the little canoe.

In those long golden years they freely have reared  
 Their own humble cots on the plain,  
 Oh! ye happy red men, till invaders appeared,  
 Till their white sails had swept o'er the main.

That red race was driven from all that was dear,  
 Whose hearts hospitality swayed;  
 Who greeted the haughty white man with a cheer,  
 Till taught treach'ry by being betrayed.

Shall the haughty white man drive the Indian still  
 Far, far from their forefathers graves?  
 Shall they send red race o'er the distant blue hill,  
 Till they're lost in the wild western waves?

M. R. G.

## EDITORIAL.

COMPOSITION. In our last number we spoke of Books and Reading, and in this we have a few words to say of Writing and Reflection. "How can you *think* amidst such a din?" is a question which has often been put to us, and we always feel a Yankee inclination to answer it by another—"How do you suppose we could live without *thinking*?"

Strangers appear to think that the noise, which affects them so severely and unpleasantly, must cause the same sensations in all who hear it. They forget the power of habit, the benumbing influence of every constant action or sensation. Those, who live within hearing of the dash of Niagara, become insensible to its deafening roar; and, amid the clatter of wheels, bands, and spindles, the still small voice within may be as plainly heard as in the chamber's solitude, or when beneath a midnight sky. In truth, the factory is rather favorable than otherwise to reflection. We become unconscious of the machinery's din, and it completely deadens every other sound. The difficulty is in fixing and keeping the attention upon some other subject than the work. The expert operative can "tend her work," when it "*goes well*," with but little more thought than she bestows upon breathing; and, why not have time to *think*? When the work is hard, or the operative has more than she can easily attend to, then, truly, she is in no mood for pleasant thoughts, if she can think at all; but none of the girls, I apprehend, live without thinking.

They can prepare a composition, so far as forethought is concerned in its preparation, nearly as well there as anywhere, and many of the best articles in the Offering we know to have been composed in the mill.

But some will reply, "In making these statements you are detracting from the energy and merit, for which your friends now give you credit." We are stating facts; and to many we are solving a riddle, while from others, we may, perchance, remove their unbelief.



**HARD TIMES.** A friend writes to us thus: "One old gentleman (who refused to subscribe) promised, as soon as he saw an article in the Offering against our imitations of foreign fashions, and against our importing French gewgaws and finery, that he would send his name as a subscriber. He was a merchant, but he said our national 'hard times' were produced by our importations of foreign luxuries and fashions. That as a nation we could, and ought, to produce our own fashions, and articles of apparel."

From this short account we have formed an opinion of this old merchant, which would cause us to be much gratified by having his name upon our subscription list.

The "hard times," of which so much is now said, he attributes to excess in importation of French and English goods. When we cast a casual glance over our political papers, we see each of the antagonist parties throwing all blame upon its opponent; the neutral papers attribute all difficulties to the imbecility or villany of our rulers and representatives; the religious papers think that, on account of our wickedness, we are suffering from the displeasure of Him who is Lord and Judge of all, and this old merchant thinks it is all because the women will wear French finery, and *fol-de-rols*.

He may be right, but we have always been accustomed to look upon a well-conducted commerce as one of the greatest sources of wealth and prosperity to a nation. Of course, the more we buy the more we patronize the merchants, and Lowell shopkeepers think buying and selling a very lawful calling. We suppose, however, that the difficulty is this: If our tastes can be only gratified by the sale of French and English finery, a demand is created, which can only be satisfied by importations from France and England; and as they will take nothing from us but specie, the country is drained of its currency.

To remedy the evil, if this be really the case, there are two ways—to make our own finery, or to leave off wearing it. We are willing to do our part towards the accomplishment of the first scheme. To benefit American manufactures, and manufacturers, is one of our aims. By writing and publishing we cannot increase the physical pleasures of our fellows, but if we can add to their mental happiness—if we can make them more respectable, contented, and aspiring, we can do something. To improve their minds, and refine their manners, may not be to make them better operatives. The Oriental Indian in his dungeon, can spin a finer thread than any writer for the Lowell Offering, but an American female should be something besides a mere operative; and the more and better girls we have, the sooner we shall be able to manufacture even our finery.

The second mode of remedy is, *to leave off wearing it*. Now, one thing is to be taken into consideration: Factory girls do not lead the fashions. Their highest aim is to follow, and in doing that they are, by many, considered guilty of impertinence. A greater responsibility devolves upon those whose influence, and station in life, make them the leaders of *bon ton*. It may be that this aged merchant has daughters who dress in silks and satins; or, if not, many merchants have, while they lament the ruinous importation of foreign finery. Let these young ladies resolve to reform the present modes, and material of dress. Let our leading magazines, and papers, join in a reprobation of the present customs, and costumes; and the factory girls then, as now, will willingly follow.

"But why," it may be objected, "not assert your independence? Why not make your own fashions? Why not lead in a good work? Why *follow a multitude to do evil*?"

The perusal of this article by many, who may read it, may possibly be the first intimation that there is, in their present habits, the shadow of wrong, or want of patriotism; and if some individuals, among our operatives, should reform, they would probably be misunderstood. They would be thought to give up their gewgaws from poverty, parsimony, want of taste, or oddity. Moreover, it is now very customary, "among the world," to regulate not only their opinion, but a lady's opinion of herself, by her dress. If she dresses plain, we often hear the remark, "She thinks but little of herself;" and if she follows all the fashions, she is—not vain, but—*proud*. "She thinks a great deal of herself—she feels very nicely;" and girls, especially factory girls, who are unusually sensitive to remarks of this kind, had rather bear the imputation of too much than too little self-respect.

One thing farther. Young females dress to please the gentlemen, quite as much as to gratify themselves; and, it is a fact that the majority of the other sex—even those who laugh and sneer most about the ladies' passion for fine dress, and devotion to silks and satins—even they will be better pleased with the lady who dresses with taste and splendor, than with her who does not—other things being equal; and how are they to dress beautifully in materials of American manufacture?

For ourselves we would willingly, if we knew our example would be followed, and that it might have the slightest influence in redeeming our country from depression,

and bankruptcy—we would willingly wear “Merrimack print” henceforth; and it would be as little of sacrifice for us to give up French and English finery, as for any one, we are assured.

Then, it may be suggested, you might endeavor to form a society, who would unite with you in reforming, at least, *themselves*.

We are willing that all should do this individually, and perhaps we shall wear Lowell calico, and knit our own lace, all summer. But we have always felt a disinclination to organizing societies for doing a simple duty. This habit has now become a mania, and mothers, “now-a-days,” cannot bring up their children to make their manners, speak the truth, and say their catechism, without joining a Mothers’ Association, or something of the kind, the object of which is to provoke each other in well doing.

We have never joined “a society,” although there are many of whose objects we approve. We never even joined “The Improvement Circle” until we were chosen, almost without our own knowledge, an officer, or *officereess*; and now we wish that in that there should be as little of formality as possible—that all who ever write should consider themselves members; even if they have never entered their names in the book; although it is a pretty book, and very nicely kept. But, even if we would exert ourselves to form such a society, we believe that few would join; and we should probably be left “alone in our glory.”

We have spoken of ourself, and of others as we are, not perhaps as we should be, yet there are many prudent, self-denying girls in the city. A few months since, when a reduction of wages took place here, there was an attempt to form a society, who should resolve to spend not more than five dollars during the winter. The object of this was, that if in the spring there was no addition to their wages, they might have something with which to leave the place, and obtain other employment. We have never heard whether the society lived, or died; or died before it began to live; but we could recommend to every girl, whether she join a society or not, to render herself, by prudence and good management, as independent as possible of factories; and thus they can at such times leave their employment, instead of remaining to fly in the faces of their employers.

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ALISON’S HISTORY OF EUROPE. We have already noticed, upon our covers, the reception, from Harper & Brothers, of Alison’s History of Europe, during the eventful period from 1789 to 1815. It is to be published in sixteen numbers, at twenty-five cents each, and the cost of the work will thus be but *four* dollars, while that of the English edition is *fifty* dollars. Whether the English publisher gives his purchasers precisely such paper, print, &c., for fifty dollars, as we get for four dollars, we are not informed. Yet we can assure our readers that the work is richly worth all they might give for it, and that they can all spoil their eyes at a very reasonable rate. But, seriously, we are glad that, while so many worthless works now issue at that low price, which must tempt many a purchaser, there are also some cheap editions of the most valuable works. Alison’s History needs no commendation from us—it has already received encomiums from the first reviewers in our language. It is said to contain some errors; but in this edition, those which relate to our country will probably be corrected by the American publisher at the request of the author. Part 5 we have received; but it comes faster than we can read it, and if we make a few remarks upon the portion we have read, it will not be because we feel competent to “view it with a critic’s eye,” but because some of our subscribers may read them with the same feelings of interest with which we sometimes listen to the remarks of a little child. The parts already published contain the History of France from the convocation of the States General to the campaign of Hohenlinden.

We have read to the fall of Robespierre, and, of course, to the end of the Reign of Terror; and while our sympathy for the sufferers, and detestation of their murderers, have been aroused in the strongest degree, it has been by the calm narration of facts, and not by the enthusiastic manner, or inflammatory suggestions of the narrator. We feel almost surprised that the subject of a monarchy should do such ample justice to those republicans of France—that he should balance so wisely the faults of the nobility, and the virtues of the commons, but even we, operatives, as we are, in a republic, often lose all sympathy with the revolvers in our detestation of their crimes. We wish more success to the inhabitants of La Vendée, who fight for king and priest, than for those who wage war against them for *freedom* and “*the constitution*.” We almost rebel against our historian when, in speaking of “the Committee of Safety,” he says *patriots* instead of demagogues, *energy* instead of infatuation, *firminess* instead of obstinacy, but his calmness and moderation increase our confidence in him. He is mi-



nute in his details. He enters into the spirit and feelings of the different orders of people, and we seem to view France, under his guidance, as the Salamancan student looked upon Madrid, when disclosed to him by Asmodeus. We see the good and the bad, the praise and the blame worthy, but surely the horrors of that time were far from being counterbalanced by victory then, or benefits since. It has been often remarked that "the French are better off now than they were before the Revolution." It is probably true; but these benefits cannot be in proportion to those horrors, and the endeavor has been vain to effect in months the changes which should have taken place in years. They founded a republic, but how long did it last? They gained liberties, but how long did they retain them? The fruits of their exertions were like those which grow upon volcanic soil, and were destroyed nearly as quickly as they were formed.

The actors in that tragedy, also, if they were not demons, then they were madmen; they were infatuated with such words as democracy, patriotism, republic, liberty, &c. Robespierre and his adherents fell with most beautiful sentiments of virtue, and patriotism upon their lips; and if there is a lesson for us to learn, in the rehearsal of this dreadful drama, it is that we are too prone to confound the sign with the thing signified, the semblance with the true—that if we can whiten our sepulchres, we think we destroy the corruption within; if we clothe ourselves in white garments, we think we are clean; in short, if we can explain our actions, and give our reasons for them, in the beautiful language which should only be used in the service of truth, we deceive ourselves into the belief that we are patriots, magi, and martyrs.

In one respect Alison differs from many who have written of the Revolution; and it is that reforms are not necessarily to be brought about by blood and terror. We have often heard the remark that, awful as these things are, it is yet better that many a haughty and beautiful head should roll in the dust, than that abuses, with which they are innocently connected, should continue—that reformation should come, even if it bring desolation, woe, crime, and murder in its train, or rather if it must be preceded by them. Alison thinks this is not necessarily the case, and there is comfort in his words; but we are not sure but his opponents are right. If they are not, it must be because the rulers and nobility will learn wisdom by experience; because they feel assured that there are things which will be wrenched from them, if not conceded. It is not because the idea of oppression, injustice, contempt, or indifference, if it have the slightest real basis, will not always inflame the injured with fury, and goad them to madness.

The word democracy, as used by our historian, is associated with horrible things. We may liken it to a cloud—beautiful when reflecting back in purple, gold, and crimson, the light of a brilliant sun, yet containing within its bosom the bolts of destruction, the fire of desolation. That cloud has cast its shadow on our land, yet its shade is not to us "the blackness of darkness," but rather that softened light, which is far more pleasing, more beneficial, than the glare which is consequent upon a more dazzling day. On us it has poured refreshing showers, and to us revealed the hues of beauty. As such may it ever be; and, in time, appear to the inhabitants of every land; and MAY that which at first, even to a prophetic eye, appeared no bigger than a man's hand, be visible to a world.

**THE LAST OF THE BARONS.** We acknowledged, upon the cover of our last, the reception of this work, but had not then read it; neither did we anticipate, from its perusal, the pleasure we have received. We have not for years been so much fascinated by any work of fiction, and thought that the feelings with which, in early girlhood, we read the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, *Scottish Chiefs*, *Romance of the Forest*, and many a similar tale, were now dead within us. But we are now convinced that it only requires the right touch to cause them to spring into as vigorous life as they have ever possessed.

Bulwer was never a favorite with us. In many of his works we think there is much that is exceptionable, though we dislike the unqualified abuse which is often heaped upon him. We occasionally hear him spoken of as being, in private life, deficient in virtue, benevolence, and morality. We judge him only as an author; and, if these aspersions are true, let those condemn him, among whom the social and domestic virtues are violated.

In the *Last of the Barons* we have all his charms without his faults. He has portrayed wicked characters, but they are no worse than history represents them; and most of those who are the beings of his own imagination are as free from guile as any novelist should represent the creatures of humanity. We feared, almost to the last, that Sybill (the heroine) would fall; and we felt really grateful to the author that she

died innocent. She is a beautiful character—beautiful in adversity, in prosperity, in love, sorrow, triumph, humiliation, and wo. She reminded us of little Nell, when, in her ruinous old home, she devoted herself to her father's comfort, and, in her innocence, went forth with her gittern to obtain, amid the crowd, bread for the philosopher. And when the old man stole, at dead of night, into her chamber, to seek her gold, we thought in how many a lovely devoted suffering heroine "the child" was to live again. Of course the likeness is lost as she enters a court, and her heart becomes the home of other affections, than those which dwell in the bosom of a little girl.

There are two classes of characters in this work—those which are historical, and those which are typical of a class. We like these historical novels, especially when, as in reading this, we feel that the novelist is competent to his task—that he has the historical knowledge which gives him power truly to delineate some other age, and an imagination which makes him one of it. Genius can hardly be consecrated to a better task than gathering together the dry bones which are all that time has left, and clothing them with flesh, sinews, and skin, infusing the vital current into their veins, and breathing into them the breath of life. And more than this, they come not to us with their quaint manners, and strange words, but we are transported far back into the past, and live with them.

Not less interesting and instructive, in this work, are the characters who stand as representatives of a class. Adam Warner stands first as one of these. Nicholas Alwyn, Friar Bungey, Marmaduke Nevile, are foremost among the others. But in many of the dramatis personæ both characters are blended.

The Last of the Barons—how well Earl Warwick represents that IRON RACE, whose might was in rude bravery, and physical force. In whom stern truth, and simple virtue, were mingled with feudal grandeur, and knightly faith. Young Marmaduke is like many a conceited sprout of aristocracy; proud of his connection with those higher than himself, faithful in their service, and supercilious towards those, who being first of a lower grade, are upon an equality with him. He represents well the better ones among the "hangers-on."

King Edward, "THE MAN OF THE AGE, and suited to the age"—he represents well those who gain power, riches, and honors, not by might alone, but by that keen far-sighted policy which enlists, in its service, those elements which crystallize beneath the magic of protection, into bright and valuable gems.

Then there is Nicholas Alwyn, with his probity, industry, activity, and usefulness; his discernment of the real nature of his age, his perception of the innate rights of man, and faith in the future; his little vein of romance too—altogether he is "a very promising respectable young man," such a one as a penetrating mother would choose for her son-in-law, and yet we were glad that Sybill would not have him.

Adam Warner is like all WORLD BETTERERS, "the man before the age"—who lives for TRUTH, and dies without knowing whether the child of his brain is to perish with him, or to be cherished by a generation succeeding that which murdered the parent.

Friar Bungey is the very obedient humble servant of the age—flattering their whims, humoring their caprices, deepening their prejudices, telling them pleasant falsehoods, and exciting them against those true physicians, who would cure the disease by telling the patient when and why it exists, and remove the cancer by a sure though painful operation. He receives the sycophant's reward, while the true physician is martyred for his truth.

Sybill Warner is our realization of a lovely woman, in any and every age. How she fascinated all, whose hearts were not callous to every attraction, by that *sybilline* power which is the magic of every beautiful gentle girl—"that strange mixture of sweetness and pride—mild and forgiving, yet spirited and firm."

One other as interesting and perfect a character, though one whose attractions are not so prominent, is Katherine De Bonville—a noble daughter of a noble house—beautifully blending truth to her early love with truth to her princely house, and her wedded lord.

The story is tragical—to all whom we love best comes death, or desolation. How we "hoped against hope," against history too, and the title of the tale, that *The Last of the Barons* would not be the last of the barons. Though there were dark clouds around his setting sun, yet they were tinged with glory. Dark too was the fate of Sybill and her father, when "scholar and child, knowledge and innocence, alike were cold; the grim Age had devoured them, as it devours ever those who are before us behind its march, and confounds in one common doom the too guileless and too wise!"

Yet it was well that those, who were so lovely in their lives, were not divided in their deaths, and that "the child and the old man slept together." H. F.